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1. Poetry, American

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THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT

*An Epic Poem of the Great War
and Other Poems*

BY
JENNIE M. &
THOMAS J. FLYNN



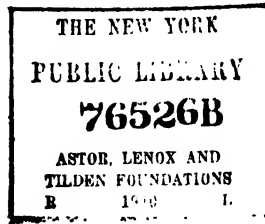
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*"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits for these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the
case
Of men than beasts.—"*

EDMUND SPENSER

THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT

An Epic Poem of the Great War

Argument.—The Angel Michael, guardian angel of the battle fields during the great war, who had been a soldier in the ranks before God called him to lay down his earthly uniform and put on the Guardian Angel's shield, grew weary of his earthly task and longed for peace. Heart broken with the suffering around him, Michael knelt in the forest, during a terrific battle and asked a favor of God. The favor was that peace should descend upon the earth.

The Holy Vision appeared in the forest and told Michael to search the earth and if he could find one pure spirit—one steadfast soul among all the millions of creation—war should end and peace come to the earth for all time.

The angel, with a joyful heart starts on his search for the holy spirit. This search takes him through all classes and conditions of men.

The angel paused reflectively to lean
Against the cluttered cannon lying near,
And gazed in heart-felt sorrow at the scene,
Nor marked the swiftly falling tear;
"Through God's abiding grace their souls are safe,"
he said.
"No prison'd spirit waits among the silent dead."

The Search for the Holy Spirit

His name was Michael. Soldiers loved him well,
He guided safely to the judgment seat—
Through horrors hinting of abysmal hell—
His dying comrades' stumbling feet;
He loved to clasp, when death's grim panoply had
 come
The feeble form within his arms and journey home.

Around him on the shell-raked sodden ground
Dim, sightless eyes white-stared the crimson sun;
And wounds and blood were all the sunbeams found
Now war's relentless work was done;
As through the smoking leaves they lingered there
 to trace
A radiance of light upon each quiet face.

He stood awhile in thought and sadly gazed
Upon the ghastly scene; then slowly knelt
And where the ruthless hand of man had razed
Made known to God the grief he felt;
"Almighty God," he said, "through smoke and
 shell I see
These shattered bodies here whose souls have gone
 to Thee.

"Shorn of all earthly semblance now are they
To God-like man from Thy great kingdom sent;
Tortured with gas, and torn with shell they lay
Creation's pride, omnipotent;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Through clouds of cruel flame with staring, sight-
less eyes
They seek the answer from Thy smoke-enshrouded
eyes.

"God of the Infinite, Whom all men claim
Their Sovereign King, this war-torn world release,
Send forth Thy mighty arm, and in Thy name
Bid mortals this mad carnage cease;
Thy servant Michael asks—no rightful claim has
he—
Save this, my King: that he has lived and died for
Thee."

And as he spoke he humbly bowed his head
In silent awe, for like the lightning flame,
In kingly splendor there among the dead,
Serene, the Holy Vision came;
So softly radiant, in truth's divinest grace,
That Michael deep within the grass-clumps hid
his face.

There came a startled quiver through the trees
Whose bare, burned branches bended gracefully,
And whispered softly to the evening breeze
Their joy for this great mystery:
That in this lowly forest, stained with human blood
In gentle, kindly grace the Holy Vision stood.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

A melody divine that angels know,
It is the Master's voice. Adoringly
The forest worshipped, while in accents low—
Like some deep-sonant harmony—
The kindly message came: "Arise, My son, attend
To One Who loves thee, Michael, even to the end.

"Lives there on earth one proven spirit pure,
One heart that rises over earthly sin,
One steadfast soul, that tempted can endure,
War ends, and peace shall enter in;
If thou canst find this faithful, proven soul for me
Thy prayer is answered, son, for all eternity."

A breeze divine the trembling angel felt,
And in a reverential vigil found
The vision gone; beside him where he knelt
A lily sprung from sodden ground.
He soared aloft. And but the kindly, searching
sun
Among the silent dead, saw Michael's task begun.

THE SEARCH

Argument.—The angel searches the earth without success. Three years he spends in his weary quest in vain. He cannot find one pure steadfast soul among all the millions of creation. At length in sorrow he unconsciously discovers the forest where once he had seen the Holy Vision. The broken cannon is still there; but the mangled bodies

The Search for the Holy Spirit

are gone. White crosses rise above them where they sleep. Michael raises his voice once more to heaven and begs of Almighty God not to call him home until he has once more searched among the hearts of men. Yielding to weariness he falls asleep in the forest.

A world impervious to joy or tears
Revolving on its solitary way,
Compelling time to register the years,
Compelling light to usher in the day;
Life to its cycle clings, nor thinks of God,
Whirled madly on, then cast beneath the sod.

The angel knew the world, but yet he sought
Among the wise, the noble and the great;
No palace of the rich, no humble cot,
No home by misery made desolate
Wherein he did not seek, with grieving mind,
For one pure soul on earth he could not find.

Within the world's gigantic industries;
Through dim, deep caverns underneath the ground;
Through fair wide water-ways and inland seas,
And winding rivulets by woodlands bound;
And through the waving prairie's golden grain
Persistently he sought, but sought in vain.

Invisible the angel was, yet near,
That mortal converse might be understood;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

A sense benign within the atmosphere
Reminding men of Christ's great brotherhood—
As incense burning in cathedral urn
Awakes the souls that from perdition turn.

Through sylvan glens where sunny, south winds
 blow;
Through Arab trails, and mystic eastern shades;
Through glacier pinnacles of northern snow;
Through mountain wastes and western palisades;
Through low, deep marshes by the world forgot
One soul the angel sought, yet found it not.

But often when his hopeful heart felt sure
That he had found the proven soul he sought,
Some vagrant thought, iniquitous, impure,
Would mark the soul to prove where sin had
 wrought;
And then the grieving angel knew that he
Must search the whole wide earth unceasingly.

Among rude savages he sought
Whose souls to demon gods were sacrificed;
His Master died for men, yet none had brought
These darkened souls the all-redeeming Christ;
Yet Michael loved them well, since none may know
The way of God with human souls below.

He saw the reckless race for wealth efface
All decency within a nation's soul;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

The world stood idle in the market place
And let the sensual in man control;
While screen and story roused the vile of earth
To passions that would rend what gave them
birth.

Fat-jowld and paunchy men went idly by
Their only occupation woman's shame;
Slave-drivers they, all justice to defy—
Their ready tools the reeking bribe would claim;
And licensed crime in every town he saw
Protected by the minions of the law.

The cruelties of war had left their mark,
Crime followed crime in blazing infamy;
And yet the spineless ones lost not a spark
Of their smooth riveted complacency;
In horror Michael watched them as they went
Through reeking ways of sin and shame content.

In the dark night when all around was still
Engulfed in weariness earth's millions slept,
Close-winged and poised on some far distant hill
The angel for a lost creation wept;
Enslaved in folly, to all peace denied
This vagrant world for which his Master died.

Before his clear angelic vision passed
The great amusement places of the world:

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Abandoned scenes where often sinners last
Sad hours on earth were riotously whirled
On, on to Satan's marching—his to be
Through all the ages of eternity.

No more the pure, the elevated theme,
The master touch in melody and art;
The golden message from the mind supreme,
To liberate the soul and win the heart;
In blind relentless retrogression men
Had backward turned the wheels of time again.

The theater, the screen, the dances whirled,
The avenues of literary art,
To banish the ideal from the world
Had played their own humiliating part;
While nations leagued together had unfurled
The banner of oppression for the world.

A sign of progress, military skill,
In intellect or science to procure
Some war-like method to destroy or kill;
Some scheme to make the citizen endure
The giant combines, legally enshrined
That from the wants of men their millions grind.

In this great war the world had sacrificed
The flower of the earth for liberty;
And yet by those who dared to speak of Christ,
Were men enslaved, who should be ever free:

The Search for the Holy Spirit

The little nations of the earth in tears
Would greet the tyranny of future years.

What travesty of human justice this
That Michael heard from men pledged to the
right:

"The enemy this lesson must not miss,
The war is over now, and might is right.
We'll change the map of Europe, strip the Hun
To drive the lesson home that we have won."

Two silent representatives there were
Within the world's great council; summoned not
By any human agency, but there
When conscience died and honor was forgot
The Angel Michael, who from sin recoils
Met Satan with the seekers of the spoils.

Three weary years had served their time and gone
Since Michael started on his earthly quest,
When all unconsciously he chanced upon
A well-remembered scene forever blest;
The broken cannon there, while through the wood
White crosses gleamed where once the vision stood.

The evening sun in crimson beauty shone
Gilding the bracken and young, springing trees;
But Michael sank disconsolate, alone
Beside the broken cannon on his knees;
Too weary he for prayer, but sadly wept,
While unseen angels kindly vigil kept.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Deep anger should have filled his grieving soul
And yet it did not—memory was there:
A baby's face upon the ocean's roll
A grey-haired mother's sad, heart-broken prayer;
A maiden crucified; Ah! Michael knew
The world had sinned, the world had suffered too.

With grieving heart he raised his tear-dimmed eyes
To that dear home wherein his Master dwelt;
Where angel friends rejoiced beyond the skies,
While he within this lowly forest knelt;
“Dear Lord,” he said, “on earth I could not find
One steadfast heart, one pure, unsullied mind.

“But yet, dear Master, I would search again
Throughout this universe, through all the years;
Seeing the shame the infamy of men,
Seeing their suffering, their bitter tears;
I cannot leave them in their misery
Though heaven's joys I never more may see.

“Once more throughout all nations I shall go,
From northern hills to sunny southern clime,
For one pure spirit that all men may know
This world has been released from war and crime;
Yet I am lonely now, Dear Lord, this wood
Reveals the spot where once Thy feet have stood.

“Thou hast within Thy compass those whose love
But equals Michael's love; Ah! yes, dear Lord,

The Search for the Holy Spirit

No happiness have I, save when above
I sing the praises of Thy living Word;
My Master died, that peace should come to men
Here let me stay until peace dawns again."

Thus spoke the angel Michael, once the friend
Of all the courts of heaven; joyfully
He joined angelic melodies that blend
Eternal praises to the Trinity;
Yet his great love for men desire had brought
To find this soul that his loved Master sought.

MICHAEL DISCOVERS THE PURE SPIRIT

Argument.—Michael, who has fallen asleep in the forest, awakens in alarm to discover a mortal near him, bending over the soldiers' graves, and breathing a prayer for the dead. Something familiar in the woman's form awakens a joyful wonderment in Michael's heart. His own dear mother, by the wonderful ways of God, knelt beside him there within this foreign wood. A blinding light reveals to his soul the knowledge, that while he had been searching the entire earth, a steadfast soul had been there within his own home, the faithful, loyal soul of the War Mother of America, who had given her dearest treasures to her God and her country in a spirit of submission and love.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

At length engulfed in gloomy lassitude
Amid the soft, green grasses Michael laid
His weary head; around him solitude
Of fragrant fern-enbowered shade;
So sweet the air, in solemn, forest silence deep,
The angel's care forgotten was in peaceful sleep.

Gay plumaged choristers in joy around
The cannon wandered, or with widened wing
Arose in graceful circles from the ground,
In melody of welcoming;
From out the leaves, aglow with friendly, timid
 grace,
A squirrel brushed with kindly touch the sleeper's
 face.

The crimson sun bent low to breathe farewell
A miracle of beauty in the sky;
From distant lanes the softly tinkling bell,
Of drowsy cattle strolling by
Soon banished sleep, and Michael stood alert,
 amazed,
For where he stood the searching eyes of mortal
 gazed.

He looked beyond the cluttered cannon where
Green mounds arose; a woman bending low
Among the snow white crosses, had placed there
The blossoms that all forests know;
And breathed a prayer in humble, reverential quest,
That soldier souls might ever know eternal rest.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Straight springing shoots of woodland brambles
bent
In benediction at the kindly deed;
The brake caressed her hands beneficent,
For here was proof that heaven's creed
Was not forgotten; man would from his peril
wake,
And through the depths of bitter tears repentance
make.

She raised her face; Ah, then did Michael start,
And blinding tears suffused his vision clear,
He bent above her, while his trembling heart
Beat softly that she might not hear;
What joy was this? what strange, sweet call of
earth had brought
His mother here, though her dear eyes could see
him not.

A blinding light awoke within his soul,
The Spirit Pure; Ah, could it be that He
Whose mighty strength the ways of men control,
Had caused this wondrous thing to be:
Had summoned her unto this far off foreign land,
That he, her son, might learn her worth and under-
stand.

Three weary years he travelled far and wide
Across the earth, through bitter blinding tears,
While in his home there had been sanctified
A steadfast soul throughout the years;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

A shining soul that earthly trial could not dim
Who all his life with tender love had cared for
him.

His thoughts returned again to childhood days
Within the home that knew her loving heart;
He searched his mind in vain for evil ways,
Her life had been the better part;
True to her God and faithful to her country's law
Had lived this brave war-mother of America.

"Dear Lord," he said, "is this the proven soul?
Ah, Michael must not, cannot be the one
To judge her loving heart." "Thy doubts control,"
He heard, "and thou shalt hear, My son."
The angel knelt; once more within that blessed
wood
In grace serene, the radiant Holy Vision stood.

The trembling angel saw his mother rise
Beyond the very cannon where he stood,
And greet a mortal, that to his surprise
Approached them in the silent wood:
His clever cousin Jean; perhaps, she too had come
To seek him here and bring his lifeless body home.

"What nonsense, Mary, to be kneeling there
So thinly clad, upon that sodden ground—
As though that God of yours could hear your
prayer—

The Search for the Holy Spirit

What consolation have you found
For all your tears? This God you serve it seems
to me
Has treated you throughout the years right cruelly.

"He took your husband ere his youth was past
And left you here to carry on alone;
He took your home in one financial blast
And in another all you own;
Not satisfied, he took from you your stalwart sons
And sent them here as targets for the German guns.

"I have no patience with the weakling soul
That stoops supinely when the rod smites low;
You owe Him nothing—you, yourself control
The life you lead, the path you go;
What puzzles me you're not a cringing hypocrite
And yet what cause have you to thank the Infinite?"

In horror Michael bent; his mother's eyes
Gazed upward where the crimson splendor shone,—
As though her gaze would penetrate the skies
To reach the gentle Saviour's throne;
While on her cheek he saw the burning blush of
shame
That friend of hers should thus insult His sacred
name.

"He gave me love," she breathed, "a husband true,
And friendship that will last until the end;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

He gave me health and strength the right to do,
And courage that no storm shall bend;
He gave me sons—my darlings proudly plead for
me—

They died defending their great country's liberty.

"For this I love Him, Jean; in every flower,
In every budding leaf I see His face;
He comes to me in sacred, silent hour
With gentle, all-inspiring grace;
And though my two brave boys went out to face the
foe,
God willed it, Jean; no other will my soul shall
know.

"Beneath the ocean rolling restlessly
My youngest laddie lies; and I have come
To see these waves that hold the heart of me,
'Twill give me strength to bear me home;
And through this land where Michael's weary feet
have trod
I'll seek his grave—my first born son, who rests
with God.

"Each mound whereon I kneel, a mother's heart
In dreaming sees it rise forever here;
Shall I refuse the ministering part
To heroes that the world holds dear?
From every soldier grave in France a prayer should
rise,
To bring the wealth of mother love beyond the
skies.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

"Though my dear lads I never more shall see,
Yet all the sorrows of this earthly sod
Can never take away this joy from me:
That my two sons are with their God.
A little while and life's dim pages closed shall be,
God grant that I may meet them in eternity."

They turned away; the angel raised his head
To where his gentle Master shining stood;
Angelic choristers, by cherubs led,
Adored him in the silent wood;
"Thou heardest, son;" and Michael knew his
search was o'er
The Blessed One, within the wood would come no
more.

THE PURE SPIRIT

Argument.—Michael discovers that his mother's steadfast soul is the pure spirit that the Master longs for. He follows the boat that bears his mother home to America, in wide-winged tireless flight above the ocean. He enters once again the old, familiar home and sees each well known scene.

Beside his mother when she breathes her evening prayer, Michael hears her petition God to take her home, that she may meet her loved ones in eternity. The angel of death enters and claims his tribute from life. Her dying eyes recognize Michael as

The Search for the Holy Spirit

he stands beside her chair. Michael bears her pure spirit to heaven, where the Master rewards him by sending peace to earth for all time.

The search was ended; yet in Michael's heart,
Not joy, but sorrow came to counsel him:
It seemed his dear one must fulfill earth's part
Before she joined the circling seraphim;
And yet those broken bodies in the wood
Where once in grace the Holy Vision stood.

The crash of gun; the scowl of cruel hate,
As man to man the gleaming steel sank in;
The snarling, grasping greed commensurate
With each succeeding century of sin;
The greed that trapped men's souls with treachery—
Though millions died the world would not be free.

His thoughts returned to days when sin essayed
To sink its infamy within his soul;
And he had faced it calmly, unafraid,
His Master's strength all evil could control;
Yet now he trembled lest the world should see
The Cross again upraised on Calvary.

The sacrifice of war had been in vain
Humanity was now the trader's prize;
Through reeking ways his vision saw again
The death of freedom in dull, staring eyes;
The trail of fire and sword; the curse of crime
Still ushered in each golden hour of time.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Beside the boat that bore his mother home
The angel travelled, swiftly, tirelessly,
Wide-winged above the ocean's surging foam,
Serene in calm angelic majesty;
Locked deep within his heart this joy to him:
His mother's soul would join the seraphim.

No weary waiting in that outer world—
That Purgatory, where sad souls must wait—
But straight to God her spirit should be whirled,
Within his loving arms to heaven's gate;
And suffering on earth should find release
Forever in the blessed joys of peace.

Within their old, familiar home he went,
Close by her side through every well known scene;
Through Laddie's room—the boy whom war had
 sent,
To die beneath the ocean's rolling green;
And when his mother breathed her evening prayer,
The Angel Michael knelt beside her chair.

He heard her murmuring his father's name,
His brother's and his own, and soldiers brave,
Whose death had won for them the hero's claim
Through shot and shell, or underneath the wave;
And then he heard "Lord, grant that I may see
Soon, soon in death my darling ones with Thee."

Within the room another presence came
Well known to Michael: the sad angel death,

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Another tribute from this life to claim
Who yielded him her last departing breath;
Yet ere she died she saw beside her chair
The Angel Michael calmly waiting there.

Once more the earth in peaceful plenty blooms;
Once more man worships with his brother man
The one true God; no fire of hate consumes,
But boundless love for God's eternal plan;
No soldier souls has Michael now to shield
From evil spirits on the battle-field.

But often when angelic voices ring,
He steals away and seeks the Saviour's feet,
And humbly begs of heaven's gentle King,
Safe passage-way to earth, once more to greet
Sad souls disconsolate, that he may prove
The way to heaven lies through boundless love.

THE LEGEND OF THE PERFECT JOY

A Legend of St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis of Assisi chanced to be
Abroad one wintry day with Brother Leo,
To reach Maria degli Angeli
Before the storm, they pleaded low, "Laus Deo;"
The wind was cold that stung their naked feet,
Their gowns were old and stiffened with the sleet.

Each cutting gust that tingled in the air
Within their nostrils found a breath that trembled;
Yet in their souls a reverie of prayer
All-patiently their straying thoughts assembled;
With hurried step, through misty pathways dim,
St. Francis reached his friend and counselled him.

"O Brother Leo, though it please our Lord
That all the Brothers Minor should in glory
Reveal God's word, and through His grace accord
To leave the world the martyr's faithful story;
Yet write this, Leo, note it well with care,
The Perfect Joy is not discovered there."

Through silent ways they went, when once again
St. Francis roused his friend from meditation:

The Search for the Holy Spirit

"O Brother Leo, to give sight to men;
To watch the dumb in blissful exultation
Speak at thy touch; to animate the dead
Is good,—yet not the Perfect Joy," he said.

Still further on they walked the saint once more
From Leo's mind no gentle thought concealing;
Admired the wisdom of those gone before,
Who gave the world their prophecies revealing;
" 'Tis well to know that men are comforted,
Yet not the Perfect Joy," St. Francis said.

Half frozen now the stinging sleet they face,
The saint still speaking, while his accents quivered:
"The Brothers Minor—may they merit grace—
Have to the leper gentle ease delivered,
And saved the outcasts of the earth from sin;
Yet Perfect Joy is not contained therein.

"O Brother Leo, little sheep of God
If men could know the stars, the planets' motion,
The way of trees, rocks, birds, of men who trod
This sinful earth with semblance of devotion;
The secrets of the soul, the heart laid bare—
The Perfect Joy would not be written there."

Now as they walked came down the blinding snow,
While white crowned mountains sentinelled their
vision;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

And Leo questioned in a murmur low—
The while he waited for the saint's decision—
"Yet if the infidel to Christ be led?"
" 'Tis not the Perfect Joy," St. Francis said.

"O Little Father, tell me in God's name
What Joy is this that good deeds may not waken?
Should Leo never this great vision claim,
Then were his soul all-sorrowful, forsaken."
"Sancta Maria degli Angeli,"
St. Francis breathed, "may bring this Joy to thee."

"When we arrive amidst this snow and rain,
Benumbed with cold, exhausted with starvation;
Should we no shelter greet, but rude refrain,
The porter's voice in angry execration
Shout 'Who are you?' 'Thy brothers,' we reply,
And he our plea for shelter should deny."

"If rudely his abusive voice should raise:
'You lie, you two lewd fellows, sin malignant
Is in your faces; you have spent your days
In stealing from the poor, from hearts benignant';
And as he bade us go his doors disclosed
The warmth and shelter that his deed opposed.

"If thus abused and rudely turned away—
Exhausted, starved, yet patiently enduring—
Though all the bitter hours from night till day
Instead of aid were cold, bleak death procuring;

The Search for the Holy Spirit

YET LOVE WITHIN OUR HEARTS, BELIEF THAT HE
HAD SPOKEN BUT THE TRUTH TO SUCH AS WE.

"That God had prompted him; He knew our need,
Base, evil pride, insidious, compelling
Must be subdued; no angry word or deed
Should cloud the heart wherein the Christ is
dwelling:

Note, Leo, he who can himself control,
Shall find the Perfect Joy within his soul.

"Above all gifts the Holy Spirit sends,
To conquer thy own self is all-transcendent;
The soul that suffers wrong, yet humbly bends,
Shall rise to God all-glorious, resplendent;
THE PERFECT JOY IS THAT WHICH HAS SUFFICED,
TO SUFFER EVIL FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

DISCOVERY OF NIAGARA FALLS

Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, left Quebec late in October, 1678, with two companions, in a small bark canoe. He arrived in Kingston.

He joined La Salle, came west in a ten-ton boat and was frozen in ice off Toronto.

Dec. 5th of the same year, they broke the ice from their little ship and crossed Lake Ontario. La Salle went up Eastern side, Father Hennepin climbed Western side, discovered Falls on December 6th, 1678, camping same night at Chippawa.

Parkman, vol 5,

—T. J. F.

“French in Canada.”

FATHER LOUIS HENNEPIN (1678)

From sturdy walls of the Recollect,
Through cold October sleet,
He left Quebec in his capote gray,
Straight west through street of great Champlain,
South he passed down Ship Workers' Lane,
Coarse, peaked hood aslant to the rain,
And sandals on his feet.

On his back an altar in miniature,
High carven in relief,
St. Francis' cord held strong and secure.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

A merciful way his cord he had tied,
Sparing a man Who had shamefully died:
Blest Mary's Son Who was crucified
Each pierced hand to a thief.

His boat was bark from a magic tree,
A wondrous birchen prison;
Two voyageurs, the priest made three;
Its sides were scored, its ribs were spliced,
'Twas pitiful small, but yet sufficed
To carry three and the Spirit of Christ—
Him who had truly risen.

South-west sailed wedges of flying geese,
He followed a course they held.
He struck his camp where the St. Maurice
Came rushing to meet St. Lawrence's tides,
From southern slopes down high divides,
A gloom from the Lonely Lauren-tides,
And pine tree sentinelled.

He climbed Lachine, south-westward steered,
To stem a rushing shoal,
A flying mane green-white which veered,
Where cedared isles of misty glades
Broke wild and watery enfilades,
To foam spun feathery white cascades,
Nor stayed its eastward roll.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Came Manans' steeds in fearful surge,
Down Sault's great rock-walled bed,
Swift running under a savage scourge,
Fiercely on age-long eastern quest,
Flanks a' foam, high roaring abreast,
Long ere he gained their topmost crest,
His paddle stained with red!

West by south up Rapide du Plat,
His paddle ever played,
Through land of the savage Iroquois,
At vigil of Souls, on a ghostly sea,
Telling his beads in an ecstasy,
He made his fort on the Cataraqui,
High-hearted—unafraid.

Skirting Frontenac's northern side,
Ever a'west he sailed;
Crossing in blessed advent tide,
He landed on great Niagara's shore,
South he turned to a sullen roar;
His Crucifix on his heart he bore,
Never his spirit failed.

"Glory to God whose hand did forge
This wondrous watery road."
On ragged rim of a fearful gorge,
South he toiled through brambles and moss,
Passed rapids raging, like souls a'toss;
He blessed himself with the sign of the Cross,
At the cliff where the cataract flowed!

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Good Francis' cord was quick untied,
Small waxen tapers alight,
He said the Mass of the sanctified.
South he turned through a wintry haze,
His eyes were glowing, his heart ablaze,
By Chippawa's flow, with a song of praise,
He pitched his camp for night.

O' Humble Server of God's good laws,
Your saga will ever be sung,
Round snowy camps of the Kanadas;
High, "golden lettered," your name shall glow,
On beauteous curve of her magic bow,
High arching Niagara's mighty flow,
Old—but forever young.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

November 8, 1919.

THE LITTLE KING

I may not love the great kings,
Kings who rule below;
Frigid hearts; false tongues;
Scheming ways and cold;
But I can love the Little King
The prophets sang of old;
The King to Whom Wise Men from afar—
Led by a soft and silvery star
Brought myrrh and frankincense and gold.

I may not trust the great kings
Trembling in their fear,
The pathways to their palaces
Are paved with skulls of men;
But I can trust the Little King
Of blessed Bethlehem;
And I can follow His silvery star—
Like Gaspar, Melchoir, Balthazar—
'Twill lead me home again.

I cannot pray the great kings,
My heart is chilled with dread;
Cruel kings; cold kings;
Pride-ful unto death;
But I can pray the Little King
Of Lowly Nazareth.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

O Little King of Juda
Lift up this fearful pall;
O Jesus, Mary's Little Son
Have mercy on us all.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

Christmas, 1917.

ON PRESENTING A HAT TO AN IRISH
POET

Here's my hand, and here's your hat,
If Custom's-man don't plunder it,
 'Twill fit your poll,
 And on my soul,
'Twill make you younger than you're old,
And grace the face in under it!

Here's hoping you will ever hear
Above the world's roar and din,
 Baying of Bran
 And brave Skolawn;
Pipes of the Sluagh Shee at dawn
And the Dord Fiann of Valiant Finn!

May fiery Maeve and Piobaire Rhue,
And Tir-na-n-og's high youthful cheers,
 Under your bonnet

 Lilt a sonnet,
Forever and another day
To sing you down the coming years.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

IN MEMORIAM

Daniel P. McGarrity—A university student of Elmwood, Ont. Enlisted in Canadian army. Killed in action at Ypres, June 3, 1916; aged 19.

He loved the home his people made between
The little hills; the woods and every place
From mighty Huron to the swift Saugeen;
He loved them white with snow, or brave with
green;

And old and young were glad to see his face,
Or meet him on the road a joke to pass
And give him greetings come home from Mass.

He loved his mother and his father grey;
His ways were their ways, he had learned it so;
To them it seems but one short yesterday
Since at their knees they taught him how to pray
And trained his footsteps steadily to go.
He loved his brothers and his sisters all
He loved his home and heard his country's call.

He loved the faith his fathers loved of yore,
He learned it lovingly when but a lad;
The grand old faith his people had before
He loved the self-same way, nor wanted more,
Just to possess it made his brave heart glad;
The faith which taught him how to die and live
To love his country and his friends forgive.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Why speak of sorrow when it only tends
To common custom? When the story's told,
He fought the fight for country, home and friends,
What need has sorrow here to make amends;
The pulses of his heart were purest gold;
And heroes' deeds in every land and clime
Will be remembered to the ends of time.

The roaring guns and blasts of iron showers
That sing his requiem over old Ypres,
He hears them not in God's eternal hours;
But southern winds, and Belgium's loveliest flowers,
Will blow about him on a happier day;
And in our hearts his memory will be green,
As maples growing by his own Saugeen.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

TRIBUTE TO
SIR GILBERT CHESTERTON

On Reading the Ballad of the White Horse

A mighty man is Chesterton:
Gigantic, towering vast;
God's banner of truth on his vision sails
O'er Danish raiders, o'er Alfred's Tales,
Held high aloft to the fiercest gales,
Spiked splendid to his mast.

His sane eyes sweep great spaces where
No king on earth is throned,—
Like Gaspar, Melchoir, Balthazar,—
He sees through a mist neath a wondrous star
Blest Mother and Babe in the distance far
Soft golden horizoned.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

CHIPPAWA

O have you seen Miss Chippawa
In summery dress of velvet green?
She lives beside Niagara
Tucked in from swiftly running stream.
No widow's crepe adorns her shape,
No sorrowing garments, sadly hung;
But billowy green of emerald sheen,
And willowy plumes are round her flung.

A modest maid is Chippawa,
Down summer's twilight leafy lane,
She's not amiss to grant a kiss,
Or coax you to return again;
Bold Buckhorn's smiles her heart beguiles,
And lovely Navy reaching south,
From down the bay the north winds spray
Niagara's kisses on her mouth.

A knowing girl is Chippawa,
That swift Niagara cannot coax;
She might agree, if only he
Would bide awee and meet her folks;
The Bard of Ayr loved Bonnie Doon,
The Lee is loved in Erin's clime;
Niagara swift sends souls adrift;
But Chippawa holds this heart of mine.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

ST. PATRICK

O Patrick of the golden tongue,
So silvery soft and musical,
Amazed the bards enraptured hung;
And never since was Gospel sung
So lovingly, so lyrical:
Teaching the Word—to them a dream
The Story of the Nazarene;
Showing the light through gleam by gleam,
A God's most blessed miracle!

O Patrick of the blazing zeal,
A flaming fire of poetry;
Your word was not held up by steel:
God's truth and justice—peal on peal
Of Faith and Love and Charity.
Long has your teaching stood the test,
Spread by your sons from East to West,
In all the world we hold it best:
St. Patrick's Blessed Trinity.

O Patrick firm is your faith in our hearts
Down through the weary years,
High over gold or wealth of the east;
The long, long years of famine or feast;
The scorn of a world's jeers;
Blood red ran the Marne, the Lys and the Aisne,

The Search for the Holy Spirit

But Ireland's rivers by Saxon and Dane,
Ran redder still, again and again
With your children's blood and tears.

Today good Saint on your festival
Our faith is true and strong;
The staunch old faith that our fathers had—
The faith that still makes your children glad,
The faith that conquers wrong.
Keep thou our feet that we will not stray
From truth, from light, from God's good way,
And lead us good saint to a better day
Of happiness and song.

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

St. Patrick's Day, 1919.

THE SISTER ISLANDS OF NIAGARA :

*(The Islands are Located in the Swiftest Currents
of the River, Among the Rapids Above
the Cataract.)*

Undauntedly they face the enfilades,
The Sister Islands, breaking sturdily
The rush of troubled waters. All around
Is turbulent destruction, and the whirl
Of madly rushing rapids, like white ghosts,
Hurled on to the abysmal sacrifice.
Relentlessly the waters lash the isles
In maddened fury, hastening the day
When rock-bound sides shall crumble to the touch
And disappear; when centuries shall greet
No frowning precipice. Time's far release
Shall mark the free, untrammelled interflow
Of mighty waters through Niagara's gorge
Forever rolling onward to the sea.

The Sister Islands Of Niagara!—
What battles of the soul are fought and won
Within their fern-embowered traceries,
Where love immortal triumphs, and the light
Of far remembrance brings the doubting heart
Divine forgiveness. Sad, despondent souls
That see within the rapids' swirling foam
Release from grief, awaken tremulous:
God's sunshine overhead, the song of bird,

The Search for the Holy Spirit

The circling sea-gulls in their whirling flight,
The trees in stately majesty, the rocks
Whose barren sides give out rich tufts of green
All breathe of life supernal, infinite;
Awaken faith in God's eternal plan
For this great universe. Who knows this faith
Shall falter not in dim uncertainties,
But wait in glad serenity of heart
Until the soul's great victory shall come.

IN CHATEAU THIERRY

In Chateau Thierry, where my laddie sleeps,
God's white-winged angel tender vigil keeps,
Among the reeds where circling moonbeams play,
Driving the shadows fearlessly away;
Below the hill where broken roads divide,
White gleaming crosses rise on every side;
My laddie's cross a sacred cross shall be
Because of One Who died to set men free.

In Chateau Thierry through a night of fear,
They heard the tramp of grey hordes drawing near;
Trembling they saw—through God's most blessed
will—
America's brave sons upon the hill;
Singing they came in rhythm glorified,
That mingled with their heart-beats when they died.

Last night I heard—through some sweet mystery—
My laddie's song: the song of victory;
Be still my heart; this gentle lad of mine
Has borne the burden of the Law Divine;
No grief of mine shall break his peaceful rest;
His song was God's sweet song, forever blest.

LEST WE FORGET

Dear Lord, we see from out the midst of tears
The long, unbroken chain of golden years
That Thou hast given us; but can we see
One single day that we have given Thee?
One single day with white sweet hours complete,
To lay in spotless shining at Thy feet!

From early morning until set of sun,
So many things are waiting to be done;
So many small, unfinished tasks we know;
So many friends who softly come and go;
So many cares that press unceasingly;
Wilt Thou forgive us if we seek not Thee?

Thou knowest every act that we may do,
Thou knowest all the false hearts and the true;
Thou knowest if an evil thought remain,
And when we leave the depths to fall again.
Thou knowest all—and still we ask to be
Forgiven, if we should not seek for Thee.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

IN BETHLEHEM

Tenderly softly down the years
The Christmas story steals,
Laying aside its hopes and fears
The world adoring kneels;
Calmly, prayerfully to and fro
The Wise Men softly tread,
And Joseph worships the sweet surprise,
And the love that shines from the mother's eyes,
As she nestles the Christ King's head.

Peacefully quietly down the years
The shepherds gently keep,
In silent prayer, their watchful care,
O'er the little Christ King's sleep;
The moonbeams glide o'er a mountain side,
Where the shade of a cross may rest;
But the angel's lullaby sweet and low—
In the tender lovelight's radiant glow—
Will cradle the Christ King's nest.

Anxiously, hopefully down the years
A world grown sad with fear,
Watches the light beyond the tears,
The little Christ draws near;
Bringing rest to the weary heart,
For anger and strife must cease,
Before the love in the Christ King's heart
The clouds of sorrow dissolve, depart,
In the wonderful light of peace.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Joyously, gladly down the years
The Christmas chorus rings,
Laying aside its smiles and tears
The world adoring sings;
And the little Christ King slumbers on,
But the Christmas story stays,
Its wonderful, magical strength to prove,
A beacon of light from the Father's love,
To lead us to better days.

DUFFERIN ISLANDS

Niagara Falls, Ontario

A circle in a wooded screen,
Remote from rampant travel stress,
Where nature in ripe loveliness
Achieves her miracles of green.

Surrounding it the maples rise,
To crown the blossom'd wonders low,
That mingle with the water's glow,
In mirror'd gleam from summer skies.

Beneath the circling rainbow rays
By cloister'd cloud-tops glorified,
Two friendly nations side by side,
In peace and plenty greet the days.

No soldier tramp, no threatening gun,
To mar with hate this scene sublime,
Where God's sweet emblem bides with time
To bless two lands where love has won.

O Sister land of Deathless Fame,
On Dufferin's Isle we seem to see—
Through marching hosts of Liberty—
Niagara's sons who died for thee,
And in their life-blood lives thy name.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

DEAR SACRED HEART

Dear Sacred Heart, so reconciled in sweetest love
to pay
Thy Father's price, list to Thy child and teach
me to obey.

And as Thou gavest all of Thine, all that Thou
hadst to give,
Fold in Thine own this heart of mine and teach
me to forgive.

And in the way of fervent love for Thy abiding
grace,
Lead me some day in realms above to see my
Saviour's face.

Kneeling beside His heavenly throne, bearing mine
humble part,
Only content that I atone and rest within His
Heart.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

WHEN LOVE GROWS WEARY

When love grows weary and he fain would go,
To dwell in other hearts, then would'st thou know,
'Twere best to keep him not, hold wide the door,
And bid him gently to return no more;
No surer thing than this, neath sky or sea,
That when world weary, he'll return to thee.

Then be not idle while he is away,
But guard thy heart with patience to obey
His lightest whisper, lest he seek thy door,
Again to wander and return no more;—
Before the light of memory hold the screen
Of kindness, lest some grave, sad fault be seen,
Then will he stay and grieve not to depart,
Content to rest forever in thy heart.

AGNUS DEI

Lamb of God in meek atonement taken,
Thy sacred heart betrayed, denied, forsaken;
Have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, if ever we should grieve Thee,
Or wound Thy heart; that we may never leave
Thee,
Have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, when darkness o'er us stealing
Hides our loved ones, naught but death revealing,
Give us peace.

FOUND IN PASSING

Something for the wounded hearts
Weary of the night;
Something for the worn hands
Working for the right;
All the nights are darkest
Just before the dawn;
And the sun shines brightest
When the storm has gone.

Nature's fairest flowers bloom
Brighter for the rain;
Yesterday's sad moments
Never come again;
Sorrows that surround you,
Like the good you do,
Soon will be a memory,
Left to comfort you.

Somewhere in the distance sleeps
One you love the best,
Cold, still hands are folded
On the quiet breast;
Somewhere, it is written,
All the world may see,
"Blessed is the mourner:
I will solace thee."

The Search for the Holy Spirit

Do not seek for happiness,
Keep your conscience true;
In the great tomorrow,
It will come to you;
Bringing rest to tired hands,
Bidding sorrows cease,
Healing all the heart wounds
In the light of peace.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

SUNRISE ON THE HILLSIDE

Sunrise on the hillside when the morning brightens,
Pine trees and poplar leaves, winds above me
whirled;
Dewy-skirted cloud tops while the whole air
lightens
With a trembling radiance circling round the
world.

Sunrise on the hillside where the wild grapes
cluster;
Breaking through the bracken when the night is
done;
Song notes from silver throats, every heart a
fluster,
Piping out its greetings to the all-embracing
sun.

Sunrise on the hillside when the heart is breaking,
Bleak days and reeking ways from the dripping
sword;
Yet above the gladdened hills steals the sunlight
waking
Tender, hopeful visions of the ever-risen Lord.

Sunrise on the hillside near the streamlet flowing,
Shadowing the city street, reeking in the sun,
Holding me, enfolding me yet my heart is going
To the wooded hillside when its earthly work is
done.

SOLID COMFORT

(A camping resort at Port Colborne, Ont.)

Where the waves in sportive play
Never weary all the day,
Casting up their sparkling spray
And soft, shining foam,
Near the water's snowy crest
There does "Solid Comfort" rest,
Weary nature's cosy nest
And the camper's home.

There the sweetest melodies
From the warblers in the trees
Echo ever on the breeze;
And at morning's break
Steals the sun, a beacon bright
From the gloomy shades of night,
Casting rays of joyous light
O'er the shining lake.

Bathing in the waters clear,
Fishing on the "old long pier,"
Watching white-winged vessels steer
For the harbor's light;
Pine trees' fragrance in the air,
Happy faces everywhere,
Silver moonbeams soft and fair
Crown the summer night.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

From the crowded city's heat,
Glaring lights and noisy street,
To this peaceful shelter sweet,
 Weary travelers come
Joyfully, for well they know,
Cool and strong the breezes blow,
Fresh and pure their hearts will grow
 In their summer home.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

SUMMER'S PRISONER

Mr. Bumble Bee is buzzin',
Mr. Yellow Jack, his cousin,
Are looking just like berries made of gold.
Mr. Tanager and Robin
Hop around, both ends a-bobbin',
Both so happy that they haven't time to scold.
 O, there's fairies in the beeches,
 You can hear them as they play;
 Little green men, little brown men
 Going swishing through the hay;
 And if I could quit my labors
 They might be my loving neighbors!—
 But what's the use of talking
 When you can't get off today?

Up the creek the boys are swimmin'
Far away from work and wimmen,
With ne'er a coat at all but one of tan.
I can see them through the window
Brown as any heathen Hindoo
Or statuettes in bronze from old Japan.
 O, there's fairies in the river
 By the willows on the bay,
 An' Bob Murry saw the ripples
 On the water where they play!
 And I know that I could find them,
 For I'd swim right up behind them!—
 But what's the use of talking
 When you can't get off today?

—THOMAS J. FLYNN.

THE QUESTION OF THE SOUL

A nation's thought that ever upwards tends
Shall build a wall that sterling truth defends;
A wall that rises in adversity
Strong with the God-Like strength of Liberty.
The seed divinely planted there shall bloom
On sun-kissed hill side or through arid gloom
Of tunnelled traffic ways, seeking its goal,
The fragrant flower of a nation's soul.
Not tares within the wheat, or choking weed,
To bind the heart of man to evil deed;
But light unto the world, a recompense,
For our great Sovereign's beneficence.

The question ever faces us, shall we
Rise with our country's thought, give graciously
The higher self that in the conscience lies,
Or shall our souls be slaves where honor dies?
Our harvest here, what shall the portion yield,
The Judas portion of the Potter's Field?
Like Esau's harvest—shall we barter it?
And leave across the Book Of Life—The Infinite—
The traitor's mark? Or shall the souls of us
Rise at our journey's end victorious?
The question faced us every step we trod;
The answer rests between ourselves and God.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

DOUBT—

Reluctantly I stood,
Bleak doubt was reaching out bold arms to me:
Reward came only to mad spirits free
Who sang of wanton revelry;
Yet somewhere was the good.

I looked above the blue,
Hushed in a calm a glowing cloudlet red,
Clear as a flame upon the heavens spread,
This message from the noble dead:
To honor's ways be true.

Truth sanctifies the sod—
Not as a wanderer to passion's goal—
But in humility and self-control,
Truth lights the paths that bind the eager soul
To bear the torch of God.

A SONG FOR IRELAND

There's a call from the west, 'tis a call of men,
From a nation where hearts are breaking,
They are seeking a place in the world again,
That the councils of freedom are making;
There's a call in my heart that answers you,
Dear Island my eyes have seen never,
The spirit of Emmett is keeping me true,
To Freedom For Ireland Forever.

There's a joy in my heart for that land serene,
Where Patrick's great mission was given;
Every step that he trod through her shamrocks
green,
Brought a soul to our Father in heaven;
Dear land of my people in grief and care,
Thy courage undaunted shines ever—
The souls of thy heroes are hovering there,
For Freedom For Ireland Forever.

There's a call from the land that longs to greet
The joy of a free world's morning;
With a banner of green that has scorned defeat,
The emblems of freedom adorning;
And the shamrocks will bloom where O'Connell
lies,
While hearts in a free land breathe ever,
A prayer to our Father Who ruleth the skies,
For Freedom For Ireland Forever.

MARY IMMACULATE!

Mary Immaculate! Queen of the infinite
Realms of Heaven, I call upon thee,
Hope of the desolate, hear the disconsolate,
In thy sweet mercy have pity on me.

Mother Inviolata! Be my dear advocate;
One ray of light in the darkness I see;
Shine softly down on us, star of the universe,
In thy sweet mercy have pity on me.

Thou art so near to the Saviour who died for us,
No other hope in my sorrow I see;
Ask him to pardon the heart that has wounded him,
In thy sweet mercy have pity on me.

Gentle and innocent Maid of the Orient,
Chosen of God, His dear Mother to be;
From this dark wilderness, lead me to happiness,
In thy sweet mercy have pity on me.

LEST WE BE JUDGED

In the near circle of thy daily meetings,
When others criticize the absent friend,
For hateful deeds or harsh words quickly spoken;
Keep thine own Counsel even to the end.

The golden veil of silence often censures
The ready tongue and mischief-loving mind;
A hint ignored, a question left unanswered,
Give evil hearts no chance to be unkind.

And in thy heart has kindness been a stranger,
Or is there still a spot from anger free;
When thy turn comes on God's great day of
judging,
That little spot will sweetly plead for thee.

THE MOTHER HEART

Close in the guarding that the Angel Of Death
Over the churchyard keeps;
Safe from the fury of the storm king's breath,
A gentle mother sleeps.

Within the shadow that the maple throws
Across the grass-grown mound;
Sheltered from summer sun and winter snows
Her resting place is found.

Sweet as the violets that make their home
Above her quiet breast;
White as the marble bands around her tomb,
They laid her down to rest.

Is she rejoicing where the angels roam,
Bearing the joyful part?
Is she still pleading for the ones at home,
Missing the mother heart?

Calmly her gentle spirit waiting stands,
Beneath the Saviour's throne,
Until the guiding of the angel's hands,
Shall bring her loved ones home.

GRATITUDE

Hope of my weary soul, bearing for me
All that sad anguish on Calvary's tree;
What shall I bring to Thee, what shall I do
To prove my heart will be faithful and true?

Nations adoring Thee; kings at Thy call,
Yielding their crowns to Thee, Ruler of all;
In Thy great majesty, gentle and sweet,
Thou lookest down on me here at Thy feet.

All that I asked of Thee Thou gavest me;
My heart turns gratefully ever to Thee;
All that I love the best gladly I bring
To' lay at Thy feet, my Saviour and King.

Through death's dread mystery, feeble—alone,
I'll have to pass ere I kneel at Thy throne;
Strange is the way, and dark, Lord, let me see
One ray of heaven's light shining for me.

ON CALVARY MOUNTAIN

Who is that Wounded One peacefully sleeping
On the rough mountain side under the rood?
What is that sound we hear, hush! 'tis the weeping
Of Mary the mother of God.

Down from that heavy rough cross they have taken
Lifeless and bleeding her innocent Son;
Blows cannot reach him now, tears cannot waken
The sleep that His suffering has won.

See the dark clouds that the heavens are calling,
White-faced the watchers stand, silent with fear;
Mary has seen them not, her tears are falling;
The hope of her sad heart lies here.

Sees she her Infant Son smiling to cheer her;
Thinks she of Bethlehem's wonderful night;
Sees she His dear angel face lying near her,
So still in the fast fading light.

Sweet was His welcoming, joyous the greeting,
"Glory to God on high, peace cometh now;"
Ah! but the pitiful stains that are greeting
The thorns they have placed on His brow.

Prayerfully, softly they gather around her,
Gently they plead, while the storm gathers on,
Vain is their comforting, sorrow has found her
Beside the still heart of her son.

**TWO GHOSTS WENT WALKING AT
MARBLEHEAD**

Two ghosts went walking at Marblehead
When a weird west wind was blowing;
No footsteps followed the path they led
Over rock-rimmed sea dunes going,
But ever they spoke of the honored dead,
And a debt that the world was owing.

With faces turned towards the storm-swept skies
They mounted a path entwining
A craggy cliff where the wild waves rise,
In the pale moon's eerie shining;
And their thoughts were of faith that never dies,
And the crown of the silver lining.

One ghost was tall with a kingly air,
Nobility's mantle showing,
The other was winsome and sweet and fair,
With her graceful garments flowing;
And the knowledge of all the world was there,
In their clear, calm vision glowing.

High over the storm a silver lure
Swept out o'er the surge tipped sighing;
"Oh, Hear Ye the Ghost of Literature,
And Poetry's wistful crying,
And Seek Ye the Pinnacled Pathway Pure,
And the Golden Deed Undying."

The Search for the Holy Spirit

MOTHER OF GOD

Mother of God, Immaculate, thou shinest,
Earth's bright ideal gem of purest light;
Mother of Him, Whose gentle hand entwineth
The human heart within the Infinite.

Mother of God, our souls delight to name thee;
We, too, would tread the pathway of a star;
And falter on while heaven bends to claim thee,
Within the regions where God's angels are.

Mother of God, Blest influence inspiring,
Beyond the landscape of eternity,
Reach out thy hands, the interim transpiring,
And make thy gift to God the heart of me.

FRATERNITY

Hold not thy life so full of care or labor,
That thou can'st never see,
When sorrow's shade has fallen on thy neighbor,
And he has need of thee.

For time rolls swiftly on and joys come rarest,
When age has crowned the years;
And hearts are hiding deep—where smiles are
 fairest—
In wells of unshed tears.

It is not meet that ours should be the pleasure
Of joys that never cease;
Each heart must know the depths of sorrow's
 measure
Before that heart finds peace.

And even little words of kindness spoken,
In sweetest charity,
May heal the wounded heart and be a token,
Of sympathy from thee.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

IN MEMORY OF RICHARD CRICK

Died March 16, 1917

When first I knew Richard I held aloof—
He had his life to live and I had mine—
No friendship would I give, merely the proof
Of service measured by the dollar line;
His kindly helpfulness I would not see;
What need was there of friendship's gift from me.

And then as through a mist I came to know
The radiant story that his life work told:
The brave endeavor that in steadfast glow
All star-like shone for minds of lesser mould;
And through it all a quiet strength that proved
His faithful loyal trust in those he loved.

Swiftly the busy years rolled on; there came
Quite silently to me a vision rare,
That breathed a reverence for Richard's name:
It seemed the hand work of my God was there,
That I might learn before the journey's end
Immortal truths from one who was my friend.

The Search for the Holy Spirit

ANN AND CATHERINE

Two little elves with flying feet,
So artlessly have captured me,
That luring dreams of reverie
Recede before them in defeat;
Yet whether naughty, whether good,
I would not change them if I could.

Two little elves with laughing eyes,
Impelled by elfin energy,
Have made creative fancies flee,
And now inert ambition lies;
Yet whether naughty, whether good,
I would not change them if I could.

CENTRAL

